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Rehearsal Script

Project No: 1/LDL J 181K

"DOCTOR WHO" 7D

'Strange Matter' (W/T)

by

Pip and Jane Baker

EPISODE ONE

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"DOCTOR WHO" "Strange matter" EPISODE ONE

CAST:

THE DOCTOR
MEL
THE RANI
URAK
IKONA
BEYUS
SARN
SCIENTISTS IN CABINET (N/S)

* * * * *

SETS:

Tardis Console Room
Lab/Arcade Section of Lab
Eyrie/Portal to Eyrie

* * * * *

MODEL SHOTS:

TARDIS BOMBARDMENT

* * * * *

OB:

Ext. Hillside
Ext. Valley
Ext. Rani's Lab (MODEL?)
Ext. Woods
Ext. Path in Woods
Ext. Tardis location
Ext. Common

* * * * *

"DOCTOR WHO" 7D

'Strange Matter' (W/T)

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EPIISODE ONE

MODEL SHOT 1:

Deep Space

Against a backcloth of infinite ebony, the Tardis is being bombarded.

Oliver.

Bolts of multicoloured energy, a fragmented rainbow, assault the police box, tossing it about.

A cacophony of sound underscores each salvo. Although almost indiscernible in the jarring discord, the materialisation bellow echoes.

END MODEL SHOT 1.

8'

1. INT. TARDIS. CONSOLE ROOM.

hands held wide
ADG movement

(IN SICKENING,
UNPREDICTABLE
LURCHES, THE
INTERIOR IS
UNDULATING AND
DISTORTING.

bike - put over side
also other bits + pieces

AN EXERCISE BIKE
IS ON ITS SIDE.

MEL AND THE
DOCTOR LIE
COLLAPSED, ON
THE FLOOR. ALL
THAT CAN BE
SEEN OF THE
DOCTOR ARE
HIS FEET,
ENCASED IN
THE FAMILIAR
SPATS AND SNEAKERS,
PROTRUDING FROM
BENEATH THE
CONSOLE.

THROUGHOUT, THE
DISSONANT BEDLAM
PERSISTS)

8'

- 3 -

O.B.1

a) Ext. Hillside. Planet of Lakertya. Day.

The azure profile of IKONA is etched against the skyline.

The skin of his neck and exposed shoulders glisten cobalt blue, and his head has the typical Lakertyan mane of spiky, golden hair.

IKONA'S gaunt features are toned in a paler shade of the same blue. Although predominantly humanoid, there is a hint that Lakertyans, at some stage in their evolution had a serpentine ancestry.

He is staring —
at the heavens from
where, accompanied
by the racket
of sound, flashes
of multicoloured
lights hurtle
towards a distant
valley.

*Ikona follows it
through my window
eyes*

12'

he leaves shot

b) Ext. Valley. Lakertya. Day.

post prod
+ Tardis

With a disjointed bellowing, the Tardis materialises.

END O.B.1

8'

2. INT. TARDIS. CONTROL ROOM.

(TIGHT ON THE
DOCTOR'S FEET
AND TRAVEL UP
HIS COMATOSED
FORM.)

HIS TORSO IS
TWISTED AROUND
THE PLINTH OF
THE CONSOLE,
CONCEALING HIS
HEAD.

THE RANI, STRIDES
ARROGANTLY
OVER THE THRESHOLD.

MEL LIES CRUMPLED
AND UNMOVING.

ANGLED FROM
ENTRANCE AS THE
RANI STALKS
FURTHER IN, A
HAIR-SHEATHED,
SCRAWNY, OILY,
LIMB IS INSINUATED
INTO FRAME)

Rani camping
Navigational guidance
Destoyer weapon
Baroque size

Umbrella with strap

RANI: Leave the girl! It's the man
I want. Take him to my laboratory.

R₁

R₂

U.

(AN OBSCENE HAND
REACHES INTO SHOT.
THE PREHENSILE CLAW
HAS A DOWNY MEMBRANE
CONNECTING EACH
BONY FINGER FROM
BELOW THE KNUCKLE
JOINT, LEAVING
THE UPPER PORTION OF
THE FINGERS AND
THUMB FREE.)

- 5 -

ROUGHLY IT TUGS
THE TIME LORD'S
SHOULDER, JERKING
HIM ONTO HIS
BACK.

ZOOM IN TO
C.U. THE
SEVENTH DOCTOR)

16"

SUPPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles: DURATION 50"

O.B.1B

Tardis in Valley.

IKONA approaching
the Tardis.

+ Ikona POV

END O.B.1B

10"

- 5 -

3. INT. TARDIS. CONTROL ROOM.

(THE UNCONSCIOUS
MEL IS APPARENTLY
ALONE, WHEN A
SHADOW FALLS ACROSS
HER, SUGGESTING
ANOTHER BEING HAS
INVADED THE
CONTROL ROOM -
IKONA SQUATS
BESIDE MEL.

HE PINCHES HER
PINK CHEEK AND,
GRIMACING WITH
REPUGNANCE, TUGS
HER HAIR. A
LOW HISSING OF
DISPLEASURE
ACCOMPANIES EACH
MOVEMENT.

THEN ABRUPTLY
WIPING HIS PALMS
ON HIS SLEEVELESS
SAFFRON TUNIC,
HE SNATCHES THE
UNCONSCIOUS MEL
UP INTO HIS ARMS
AND CARRIES HER
FROM THE CONTROL
ROOM)

12^w

- 7 -

O.B.2

plus Model.

ESTABLISHING SHOT
of landscape and
building housing
the Rani's laboratory
(as described in
Ep. 2)

END O.B.2

foreground miniature -
Covin.

4"

- 7 -

Vis Rx.

Cabinets + people

- 8 -

4. INT. ARCADE SECTION OF LABORATORY. DAY.

(THIS IS PART
OF A COMPOSITE
SET COMPRISING
THE RANI'S
LABORATORY SUITE.

A NARROW ARCADE
THAT RUNS PARALLEL
TO THE (UNSEEN)
LABORATORY. ONE
SIDE IS LINED
WITH TALL, OFF-
SET CABINETS.

COMATOSE AND
UPRIGHT - EINSTEIN
HAS JUST BEEN
INCARCERATED IN
A CABINET.

ON A SIGNAL FROM
THE RANI, A
LAKERTYAN, BEYUS,
CLAMPS A SCARLET
POLYETHYLENE
COLLAR ABOUT
EINSTEIN'S NECK.

BEYUS FINDS NO
JOY IN THE TASK.

HIS FOREHEAD
PUCKERS WITH
DISTASTE AS HE
PLUGS FIRST A
CABLE THEN A
TRANSPARENT TUBE
INTO THE COLLAR.

- 8 -

Sp. 1.

*
- 9 -

FUSSED AND
EXHIBITING
TREPIDATION, IS
A YOUNG FEMALE
LAKERTYAN, SARN.

HER NERVOUS
EFFORTS HINDER
RATHER THAN ASSIST
BEYUS.

GENTLY SHE SMOOTHES
AND REALIGNS
(-- EINSTEIN'S RUMPLED
JACKET)

RANI: / Stop dithering! Collecting
this one's already put me behind
schedule.

SARN: I don't want to harm him.

(BRUSQUELY THE
RANI THRUSTS
SARN ASIDE)

RANI: Seal it and label it.

(BEYUS CLOSES
THE CABINET'S
FROSTED-GLASS
FRONT.)

WHILE SARN SHYLY
COWERS, HE STANDS
ARTLESSLY LOOKING
AT THE RANI)

What're you waiting for?

BEYUS: You've not given me the
name for the label.

- 9 -

RANI: Einstein. (ANGRILY TURNING
TO BEYUS) "Insolence" could cost you
your life, Beyus.

(SHE IS CHECKING
DIALS ON IDENTICAL
CABINETS THAT
SPORT LABELS:
'LOUIS PASTEUR',
'DARWIN', AND THE
UNFAMILIAR NAMES
'ZA PANATO' AND
'ARI CENTOS'.

VAGUE OUTLINES
OF THESE LUMINARIES
CAN BE SEEN THROUGH
THE FROSTED-GLASS
FRONTS)

SARN: I'm sure Beyus did not mean
to appear insolent. He - would -
never - do that -

(SARN'S VOICE
TAKES A DYING
FALL UNDER THE
RANI'S COLD
APPRAISAL)

RANI: I find your incompetence
more than enough without listening
to your puerile opinions.

(BEYUS LAYS A
COMFORTING HAND
ON SARN'S SHOULDER)

BEYUS: Then why not let Sarn go?
You've got me as hostage. You don't
need her.

RANI: I shall decide my needs.
They, unfortunately, require the
use of libertarians.

BEYUS: You've left me with no
illusions about the hatred you hold
for us.

RANI: Hatred? Another fantasy.
I've no feelings one way or the
other. Outside my experiments, you
have absolutely no significance.

BEYUS: Your detachment is difficult
to understand.

RANI: All you need understand is
that these specimens are geniuses.
Every one of them. And if they're
not kept in prime condition, you'll
have more ~~worry about~~
miserable creature, ~~worry about!~~

(LOOPING FROM
THE TOPS OF
THE CABINETS
ARE TUBES AND
CABLES THAT
MERGE TOGETHER
AND ARE CHANNELLED
VIA A CONDUIT
INTO THE LABORATORY
(UNSEEN).

THE RANI MOVES
TOWARDS A DOOR
MIDWAY ALONG
THE ARCADE)

BEYUS: Have you managed to procure
the means to repair your laboratory
apparatus?

RANI: Procured? An apt description.
(SHE SMILES) Procured. Yes, indeed ...
(SHE EXITS) Ah yes time indeed.

5. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(EYES CLOSED,
THE PROSTRATED
DOCTOR LIES
UPON A WORKBENCH.

BEYOND HIM,
AGAINST THE
PRINCIPAL WALL
OF THE LAB, IS
A MASSIVE, OBLONG,
METAL BOX WITH A
GAPING, CHARRED
HOLE THAT IS
EVIDENCE OF AN
INTERNAL EXPLOSION.

FURTHER ALONG
THE WALL, THE
CONDUIT FROM THE
ARCADE INTERCONNECTS
WITH AN ARRAY OF
FLASKS AND BOTTLES
LINKED BY CAPILLARY
TUBES TO A
LARGE CRYSTAL
TANK CONTAINING
A FERMENTING,
BUBBLING 'SOUP'
OF SPECKLED, GREY,
GLUTINOUS LIQUID.

NORMALLY THIS
WOULD BE
SIPHONED INTO
THE OBLONG BOX,
BUT THE GAUGES
AND THE DIGITAL
LOGS ON THE
APPARATUS ARE
INERT.

HAD IT BEEN
FUNCTIONING
THE DAMAGED
BOX WOULD BE
FEEDING THE
PROCESSED
GLUTINOUS GOO
THROUGH THE
OPPOSITE WALL,
THE CURVATURE
OF WHICH INDICATES
IT IS A SECTION
OF A SPHERICAL
CHAMBER.

ENTERING FROM
THE ARCADE THE RANI
GOES TO THE DOCTOR,
LISTENS TO BOTH
HIS HEART, CHECKS
HIS PUPILS IN A
DISPASSIONATE
ASSESSMENT OF HIS
CONDITION, BEFORE
TURNING HER
ATTENTION TO THE
SPHERICAL CHAMBER.

SHE MANIPULATES
THE COMBINATION
LOCK, A PANEL
SLIDES OPEN
IMMEDIATELY HER
HAUGHTY CLASSICAL
FEATURES ARE BATHED
IN A PALPITATING
MAGENTA LIGHT.
Great

ATTUNED TO THE
PULSATIONS, IS A
SINISTER AND PERVERSING
THROBBING.

ALTHOUGH THE RANI
SEEMS EXALTED, THE
EFFECT ON THE LAB
IS BALEFUL.

THE SICKLY PURPLE
CLOWS GROTESQUE
SHADOWS, SO THAT
EVEN THE PLANES
OF THE DOCTOR'S
FACE ARE MISSHAPEN
AND GARGOYLISH.

HE GROANS AND
STIRS. ALERTED,
THE RANI SHUTS
THE PANEL AND
CROSSES TO HIM.

WHEN SHE LEANS
OVER HIM, MOVE
INTO CLOSE UP
THE DOCTOR.

ON THE KNIFE-EDGE
OF CONSCIOUSNESS,
HE BLINKS,
DESPERATELY TRYING
TO FOCUS.

THE RANI BUSIES
HERSELF AT A
CONTROL PANEL.

THE DOCTOR'S
EYES OPEN)

THE DOCTOR: Ah. That was a nice
nap.

(THE RANI LOOKS
ROUND.

HE HOPS TO
HIS FEET)

Down to business. I'm a bit worried
about the temporal flicker in Sector
13, there's the bicentennial refit
to book in for the Tardis, must
just pop over to Centauri Seven and
then perhaps a quick holiday. Right.
That all seems quite clear. Just
three small points ... (cont ...)

(THE DOCTOR
LOOKS AROUND,
STARTS TO SWAY)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Where am I?

(LOOKS DOWN AT
HIMSELF)

Who am I?

(TRYING TO
UNSCRAMBLE HIS
MUDDLED SENSES,
HE FOCUSES ON
THE RANI)

Who are you?
And you ...? You're the ... the
Rani!

(HE SCOOPS UP
HIS UMBRELLA,
LUNGES AT HER,
SPRAWLS INTO
A MACHINE)

Stay back!

RANI: This is idiotic! You'll
injure yourself!

THE DOCTOR: Why should you care?
Since you were exiled from Gallifrey,
you've had nothing but contempt
for all other Time Lords.

RANI: My contempt started before
my exile.

THE DOCTOR: Then what is it you
want me for? And where's Mel?

RANI: She's perfectly safe. But how long that remains so, depends on you.

(AFTER A WILD,
POINTLESS FLOURISH
WITH THE UMBRELLA,
HE JABS AT THE
BUTTONS ON THE
MONITOR SCREEN)

THE DOCTOR: You'll be up to something.
Perhaps I'll get the answers from this.

(ON THE SCREEN,
THERE IS A
SPACE-VIEW
OF A PLANET
BEING OMINOUSLY
CIRCLED BY A
DARK FORBIDDING
ASTEROID.)

(A SERIES OF
CALCULATIONS
ARE TABULATED
AT THE BASE OF
THE SCREEN)

RANI: You won't recognise the planet.
It's Lakertya. And there's no evidence it's ever been graced by your meddling presence!

THE DOCTOR: And you're trying to divert me. So the answer's on here.
(STUDYING CALCULATIONS) Quarks - one up - one down - one Strange Matter. (cont. ...)

(HE POCKS HIS FINGER AT THE ASTEROID ON THE SCREEN. SHOUTING)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) That Asteroid's composed of Strange Matter! What monstrous experiment are you dabbling in now?

RANI: I didn't go to the trouble of bringing you here to discuss the ethics of my work.

THE DOCTOR: Ethics! Don't be a hypocrite. Your past is littered with the mutilated results of unethical experiments.

RANI: I had all I could take of that can't in our University days!

(FROM A CUPBOARD,
SHE TAKES A
SYRINGE)- from her technician/hedgehog

Am I expected to abandon my research because of the side effects on inferior species?

(SHE SQUINTS
AT THE NEEDLE
POINT OF THE
SYRINGE, CHECKING
THAT IS IT
FUNCTIONING)

Are you prepared to abandon walking in case you squash an insect underfoot?

(SYRINGE AT THE
READY,
CLOSES IN ON HIM)

THE DOCTOR: Stay away! Whatever you've brought me here for I'm having no part of!

(KEEPING THE RANI
AT PAY, THE DOCTOR
FLOUNDERS TO THE
ARCADE DOOR AND
FLINGS IT WIDE -
TO BE CONFRONTED
BY SARN AND
BEYUS.

RECOILING, HE
FALLS TO THE
FLOOR.

SARN HURRIES TO
HELP HIM)

RANI: Leaving him there!

SARN: He may be hurt.

BEYUS: Sarn! Don't interfere!

(IGNORING THEM,
SARN CONTINUES
TO ASSIST THE
DOCTOR TO HIS
FEET.

OFF-BALANCE,
HE STAGGERS
TOWARDS THE
CRYSTAL TANK)

I'll deal with you later.

RANI: (TO SARN) That's the last
time you'll ever interfere! I'll
deal with you in a moment. I haven't finished
with you.

(SAVAGELY THE
RANI THRUSTS
SARN ASIDE,
SENDING HER SPINNING
ACROSS THE LAB.

SYRINGE AT THE
READY, THE RANI
ADVANCES ON THE
DOCTOR)

S3 she exists

THE DOCTOR: Stay away or I'll smash this!

(HE RAPS THE
CRYSTAL TANK
WITH HIS UMBRELLA)

Rani Urak

D! I'll smash it to pieces!

RANI: (CALLING) Urak!

(IN BACKGROUND,
SARN SLIPS OUT
OF THE ENTRANCE)

Urak! Get in here!

(ANOTHER ANGLE
COMING FROM
THE ARCADE AN
OILY, HAIR-SHEATHED
LIMB JUTS INTO
FRAME AND CASTS
AN ELECTRONIC
WISPY NET OVER
THE DOCTOR,
SHROUDING HIM
IN GLITTERING
SPARKS)

2'38"

See Urak for

O.B. 3 in Model at Lab.

Ext. Path. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

Lab.

M

Run running away,
looks back to check if
she is being followed
(he continues)

With fleeting looks
to check whether she
is being followed,
SARN runs along
a path.

Stumble

looks back again

falls out to eye behind a
piece of rock. Inc

In her panic, she
fails to seek the
easiest route,
stumbling over rough
terrain.

URAK.

END O.B. 3

P

Next game

- 21 -

2pm

Show

abnormal

Dr still trying to calm me,

somn.

full of energy

now, is trying to get away

Urak calls.

6. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

— Rani speaking with computer
(STUNNED, THE DOCTOR AGAIN LIES ON THE WORKBENCH.)

— A WARNING LIGHT BEGINS TO FLASH AND A SIREN WAILS)

RANI: Urak. What's happening?

URAK: (VOICE) The female Sarn ...
~~she~~ has escaped ... ~~Mistress~~ Rani ...

RANI: She won't get far!

14ⁿ

O.B. 4

a) Ext. Path. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

Overscene the
siren's wail.

Lack of stamina
is slowing SARN
but her distress
has not abated:
She feels exposed
on the path.

5

b) Ext. Path. Woods. Day.

IKONA, still humping
MEL, is unaware that
he is heading towards
SARN.

Alarmed by the siren's
~~wail~~, he fails to
detect that MEL is
regaining her senses.

Her sudden resistance
throws him off-balance.

Kicking and pummelling,
she escapes.

15.

c) Ext. Path. Woods. Day.

The sight of MEL
rounding the bend
ahead, sends SARN
scampering from the
path into the woods. ~~woods~~

TIGHT SHOT ground.

SARN'S SHIN hits a trip-wire, triggering a tremendous 'whoosh' -

Colin — { A blur of flying leaves and twigs -

FULL SHOT.

Mel. } When the dust settles, a huge, plastic, opaque 'bubble' has formed about SARN, imprisoning her.

Attached to it, like a tumour, is a bulging metal plate.

With increasing velocity, a jet of steam issues from the 'bubble's' underside.

For a brief moment, SARN crouches, gripped by fear.

Dove Then the 'bubble' begins to spin - until, the interior blurred, it shoots forward towards the path.

CLOSE ON MEL aghast, watching the 'bubble' O.S. -

RESUME ON 'bubble' spinning across the path - crashing into a tree.

Winn C.U. Metal plate at the moment of impact with the tree's trunk.

RESUME ON 'bubble'.
An incandescent,
glowing heat spreads
from the metal plate,
whiting out the
'bubble' and its
captive.

CLOSE ON MEL, horrified,
she averts her gaze
as the white heat of
the explosion illuminates
her.

IKONA comes alongside
MEL, but he ignores
her and continues
past.

ANOTHER ANGLE.

An anguished IKONA
comes falteringly
to all that remains
of his young compatriot -
An ivory skeleton -

Gavin

END O.B. 4

Studio insert for Mac - bubble

- 25 -

7. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(ON THE MONITOR
SCREEN, A
DIMINISHING BLOB
GLOWS IN A
SECTION OF A
GRID.)

CO-ORDINATE
NUMBERS ARE
ALSO ILLUSTRATED)

RANI: See that the trap is reset.

URAK: (VOICE) Certainly ... Your powers are ... truly wonderous ... Mistress Rahi ...

(THE VOICE IS
HIGH-PITCHED
SQUEAKY YET
MENACING, WITH
EXAGGERATED
EMPHASIS ON THE
HARD 'T', 'D'
AND 'S' CONSONANTS.)

THE CADENCE, TOO,
HAS AN ODD
PECULIARITY: A
PAUSE AFTER EVERY
THREE OR FOUR
BEATS.

THE RANI PICKS UP
THE SYRINGE AND
APPLIES IT TO THE
DOCTOR'S WRIST.

BEYUS: What are you doing?

RANI: Making certain he suffers a healthy dose of amnesia when he wakes.

O.B. 5

Ext. Path. Woods. Day.

Bewildered, MEL
draws closer
to SARN'S remains,
scuffing a stone.

IKONA rounds on
her. She backs
away, but, by
circling IKONA
ensures her sole
line of retreat
is the woods.

IKONA: (GOADING) Go on run!

He feints a
lunge.

area is
Run! The ~~woods~~ are full of traps!

Another lunge.

As well you know!

MEL: Me? Why should I - This is
insane!

IKONA: Don't play the innocent,
alien! Your friends set those traps!

He closes on
her.

She recoils,
trips, rolls
from the path
into a ditch.

Recovering, MEL continues to dodge about.

MEL: Look, it's all very well being upset, but -

IKONA: Upset! Yet another of your obscene murders takes place -

MEL: Stop accusing me! This had nothing to do with me!

IKONA: Lies! If I didn't need you as a hostage, you'd be dead!

MEL: A hostage? For what?

IKONA: To exchange for ~~the hostage~~ ^{our leader}. Your friends took him prisoner.

MEL: Why do you keep calling them friends of mine?

IKONA: You arrived from out of space -

He succeeds in catching MEL his arm almost throttling her.

- as they did. Now they can have you back! On my terms.

END Q.B. 5.

*Take care of us, we'll be fine
now we're safe*

8. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(A RED-HAIRED
GIRL IN PANTS-SUIT
HAS HER BACK
TO THE DOCTOR
AS SHE EXAMINES
THE HOLE RIPPED
IN THE MACHINE
(TO ALL INTENTS,
THIS IS MEL)

HE STIRS. BLINKS.
PERPLEXED, HE
SCANS, WITHOUT
RECOGNITION,
THE LABORATORY.

FOR A MOMENT
THE DOCTOR CONCENTRATES,
WILLING HIMSELF
TO REMEMBER, FAILS)

THE DOCTOR: Where am I? Who are
you?

RANI: Mel. Melanie.

✓(SHE TURNS -
AND WE SEE IT
IS THE RANI
IN A RED, CURLY
WIG, DISGUISED
AS MEL.)

Are you all right, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: All right? Am I?
Of course. Of course. (SITTING UP)
Are you?

RANI: Me? Yes. (BRIGHTLY) Why not?

*

- 10 -

THE DOCTOR: Indeed, why not? We both are.

(EXHIBITING BRAVADO,
HE GETS BOLDLY OFF
THE WORK BENCH.

HIS KNEES BUCKLE
AND HE STAGGERS.

THE RANI TRIES
TO HELP HIM,
BUT HIS WEIGHT
IS TOO MUCH
AND THEY FLOUNDER,
DRUNKENLY, EVERY
WHICHWAY.

THE RANI IS TORN
BETWEEN SUPPORTING
THE DOCTOR AND
SAVING HER PRECIOUS
EQUIPMENT AS HE

Ooops! A bull in a barber's shop.

(THE RANI'S INNATE
PRIORITIES ASSERT
THEMSELVES.

SHE ABANDONS
THE DOCTOR AND
CONCENTRATES ON
PROTECTING HER
EQUIPMENT.
EVENTUALLY, LEGS
SAGGING, THE
DOCTOR CLUTCHES
A SHELF.

HIS ATTENTION
STRAYS TO A
FUTURISTIC MAGNET-
SHAPED COIL)

A navigational guidance system
distorter. That'd pluck any passing
space craft out of the sky.
Er - where are we?

- 29 - ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~one~~ ~~in~~

, where home

RANI: In your lab - on Lakertya -
Doctor, are you sure you're well?

THE DOCTOR: Certainly. Certainly.
Fit as a trombone.

RANI: Fiddle.

THE DOCTOR: Mmm?

RANI: (SNAPPING) Fit as a fiddle!

THE DOCTOR: Fiddle? Yes. Nerves
I expect.

(TUCKING UP THE
OVER-LONG SLEEVE,
ABSENTLY HE RUBS
THE WRIST WHERE
SHE INJECTED
HIM WITH THE
AMNESIA DRUG)

Now, let's see ... what were we up
to - er - Mel did you say your name
was?

RANI: You don't remember me, do you?

(NO WAVERING FROM
HER ADOPTED ROLE,
BUT HER EYES
SEARCH FEENLY
FOR ANY SIGN
OF MEMORY REVIVAL)

Do you?

THE DOCTOR: Red hair ... I recall
red hair - (HE RECOILS) what's ~~what~~ that!

(THE DOCTOR HAS
WANDERED IN
FRONT OF
A CHROME CUPBOARD
WITH A MIRROR
FINISH, AND
CAUGHT HIS AND
HER REFLECTION)

RANI: Not what. Who. It's me.

THE DOCTOR: (HORRIFIED) Standing next to you,
I mean.

RANI: That's you, Doctor.

THE DOCTOR: Me!

(HE PATS HIS
HEAD SEEKING
THE MISSING MOP
OF FAIR CURLS -
NATURALLY, SO DOES
HIS MIRROR IMAGE,
CONFIRMING THE
WORST)

No wonder, I've lost my memory!

? || 
(REALISING THE
MEL CHARACTERISATION
IS SLIPPING, SHE
SMILES SWEETLY)

I mean, you're supposed to be
conducting an experiment, not
frightening yourself to death.

THE DOCTOR: Experiment?

RANI: (INDICATING THE MACHINE) It exploded and threw you to the ground. Me, too. Knocked both of us cold. When I came round - (SHE SHRUGS) - ~~you were like this.~~

THE DOCTOR: The shock of the explosion must've caused me to regenerate.

(RANI UNABLE TO
RESIST TURNING
THE SCREW)

RANI: You mean, this is what you're going to look like permanently?

THE DOCTOR: (DESPERATELY) I want all mirrors removed from the Tardis henceforth!

RANI: (CONCERNED) Oh, so you remember
~~recall~~ the Tardis then ...?

(SURREPTITIOUSLY
RANI PICKS UP
THE SYRINGE)

THE DOCTOR: The Tardis? ... Yes. And you, Mel ... yet, there's something out of sync. (SHAKING HIMSELF) I'm obviously experiencing post regeneration amnesia.

RANI: Don't worry. It'll wear off. Meanwhile, why not repair the machine. You said it was important.

THE DOCTOR: Important, did I? Wonder what I was up to. (STUDYING HOLE) Seems pretty far gone. Need a genius to unravel this.

RANI: Well you are a genius.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Yes. I can definitely remember that.

RANI: Especially in thermodynamics.

THE DOCTOR: How did you know that, Mel?

RANI: You told me. It was your special subject when you were at University.

THE DOCTOR: University ... (PEERING AT HER) You remind me of someone I knew ... when I was there.

RANI: (HURRIEDLY) This machine. It has to be repaired, Doctor. And you're the only one with the knowledge to do it.

(THE DOCTOR,
POKING HEAD
INTO THE HOLE)

THE DOCTOR: Your confidence is very flattering, Mel.

O.B. 6

Ext. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

In a rough
tug-of-war,
MEL is being
unceremoniously
hauled along.

A rope that
hobbles her
ankles and tethers
her wrists, is
also a halter
about her throat.

MEL: I'm cho king!

No response.

Do you hear? I'm choking!

IKONA: Then stop struggling.

Another jerk
to maintain pace,
produces an
obdurate glower
from MEL.

MEL: (YELLING) Will you listen!
How many more times do I have to tell
you I'm not your enemy!

IKONA: I'd prefer you to say nothing.
Your endless squawking hurts my ears.

MEL: I'm not mad about you either.
But trading insults isn't going to
get us anywhere. (cont...)

MEL stumbles ...
almost falls

MEL: (cont) Look - can we begin from scratch? My name's Mel and I come from earth. Your turn.

IKONA: This is no game.

MEL: (SIGHING) Okay. Let's try another tack. You claim I was alone when you found me.

IKONA: Don't start on about this Doctor again!

MEL: I have to!

IKONA: There was no-one else in the strange box. If he exists, he must have left.

MEL: Not ~~now~~ chance! The Doctor wouldn't have left me.

IKONA: If he had any sense he would!

MEL: It's not even up for discussion!

IKONA: Good. I shall enjoy the silence!

Almost tripping,
MEL spots IKONA
is about to tread
on a mine concealed
by leaves.

MEL: Watch out! (cont...)

Too late!
IKONA'S foot makes
contact with the
mine.

Simultaneously,
MEL gives a
tremendous yank
on the halter.

A banshee screech
rents the air as
another bubble is
sprung.

Although finishing
in a tangled heap,
MEL and IKONA are
unscathed.

MEL: (cont) Now will you accept I'm
not your enemy?

Assisting her,
IKONA edges them
away from the
trap.

IKONA: We must hurry. The Tetraps
will come to investigate.

His trembling
fingers fumble
at the rope
binding MEL'S
(cont'd.) wrists.

MEL: What made you think I was
in league with them?

IKONA: You're not Lakertyan. You
don't belong on this planet.

MEL: (SURPRISED) They're human?
Like me?

IKONA: Not like you. (SINCERELY)
Although they're almost as hideous.

Despite her
situation, MEL
is affronted.
She follows
him over a
high ridge.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Several hundred
metres from
the ridge, a
TETRAP claw
eases aside
a branch ...
(to suggest
Urak has spotted
MEL and IKONA)

END O.B. 6

1'35"

9. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(A DISCHARGE
OF SPARKS SHOWERS
FROM THE HOLE
IN THE MACHINE.

IN ILL-HUMOUR,
THE RANI SURVEYS
THE CHAOS IN
THE LAB.

FLEX AND CABLE
CRISS-CROSS
THE FLOOR.
CRUDELY JOINED
TUBING STRETCHES
FROM THE WORKBENCH
TO A FUTURISTIC
MAKESHIFT ACETYLENE
TORCH WHICH THE
DOCTOR IS USING
FOR SOLDERING.

HE PAUSES, LIFTS
HIS PERSPIRING
FACE)

THE DOCTOR: Come on! Come on!

RANI: Come where?

THE DOCTOR: Why I chose you as an
assistant, I'll never know! Perhaps
I will when I've regained my memory.

RANI: What is it you want?

THE DOCTOR: Look at me! Can't you
see? Mop my brow! (cont...)

(WITH BAD GRACE,
THE RANI PRODUCES
A HANDKERCHIEF
AND DABS THE
DOCTORS BROW.

AS SHE MOVES AWAY,
THE DOCTOR TUGS
AT THE TUBING.
IT SNAKES ABOUT
HER FOOT)

What you do it? What for?
THE DOCTOR: (cont) Watch where you're going!

(RECOVERING,
SHE DUMPS THE
OFFENSIVE
HANDKERCHIEF IN
A WASTBIN BENEATH
A RACK OF VIALS)

RANI: It was your fault!

THE DOCTOR: Bad workmen always blame their tools.

RANI: Tools! Blame their tools!

THE DOCTOR: Do I detect a hint of bad temper Mel? Are you finding your unequal status a little irksome?
Why don't you go with

(ANOTHER ERUPTION
OF SPARKS)

Or could it be that you think yourself superior to me?

RANI: How could I possibly assume that, Doctor?

THE DOCTOR: Quite. Although I feel far from superior at the moment. This is all a mystery to me.

RANI: Surely there's a catalyst ~~in~~ there.

THE DOCTOR: Yes. Yes. Must you state the obvious? I'm well aware that its function is to fuse the impulses from there -

(INDICATING CONDUIT)

- with this goo. But what's it for!

(HE DIPS HIS
FINGER INTO THE
TANK)

I'm beginning to think this set-up has nothing to do with me.

RANI: (APPREHENSIVELY) Why's that?

THE DOCTOR: Omnipotence. The mind responsible for this bag of tricks operates on a grandscale.

RANI: She doesn't exist
any more.

RANI:

THE DOCTOR: Then ... why do I have such an overwhelming sense of foreboding ... ?

(HIS PERTURBED GAZE
WANDERS FROM
CONTemplATION OF
THE MASS OF TUBES
AND APPARATUS,
TO THE PANEL OF
THE SPHERICAL
CHAMBER)

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MODEL SHOT 2:

Ext. Laboratory Complex.
Day.

PAN from the rocket
launcher to the
grounds and beyond.

END MODEL SHOT 2.

O.B. 7

Ext. Woods. Day.

Breathless, anxious,
MEL and IKONA are
scrunching through
the undergrowth.
Every gnarled tree,
hilllock and bush
seem to harbour
menace.

MEL: Hold on. I need a breather.

IKONA: We must keep moving.

MEL: What happened to the rest of
your people? ~~Wouldn't~~ ^{Wont} they help?

IKONA: No. They've been completely
subdued.

MEL: We could at least try ~~Wont~~

IKONA: The only one they listen to
is Beyus, our leader.

MEL: Right, let's go to him.

IKONA: He's the hostage I wanted to
exchange you for - Listen!

On tenterhooks
they listen -
far off, but
getting nearer,
are faint sounds
of pursuit.

MEL and IKONA flee.

INTERCUT to suggest URAK is + URAK
in pursuit.

MEL's actions are becoming ragged but IKONA, running with purpose, urges her on.

Abruptly they break from the cover of the trees onto a wide expanse of common land.

Hurry! Quick!

MEL: We can't go that way. It's completely exposed.

IKONA: For once don't argue!

Brusquely, IKONA bundles her onto the common.

With every step MEL takes, she feels increasingly vulnerable.

At midpoint, IKONA drops into a shallow gully.

Quickly! (cont...)

In the hide there is a box of ~~fireworks~~.

Skeptically MEL follows suit and IKONA concertinas a canvas frame camouflaged with grass and leaves, stretching it over them.

This is evidently IKONA's prepared hideaway.

Hopetully

IKONA: (cont) LThey'll think we've
doubled back to stay under cover.

MEL: And if they don't, they'll
just drop in!

END O.B. 7

11

10. INT. ARCADE. DAY.

(TWO BUCKETS
BRIMFUL OF RED
LIQUID HANG
FROM A YOKE
WHICH BEYUS IS
BALANCING.)

HE IS PASSING
THE OFF-SET
CABINET ENTOMBING
LOUIS PASTEUR,
WHEN A THUMPING
ON THE DOOR
OF THE LABORATORY
STARTLES HIM)

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) Why is this door
locked?

RANI: (VOICE) You locked it ...

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) I did?

(CAREFUL NOT TO
SLOP THE LIQUID
BEYUS CONTINUES
PAST THE OTHER
SARCOPHAGI TO
THE REAR OF THE
ARCADE)

11. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(IN HIGH DUDGEON
THE DOCTOR STRUTS
TO THE SPHERICAL
CHAMBER PANEL)

THE DOCTOR: Is this locked ~~too~~?

RANI: Yes
You kept the combination number
a secret.

THE DOCTOR: What's in there?

RANI: I've no idea.

(HIS FOOT WAS
ENTANGLED
IN THE TANGLE
OF CABLES)

THE DOCTOR: (IRRITABLY) Are you as
clueless as you appear, Mel?

RANI: Don't blame me, Doctor! I've
never been inside. You wouldn't let me.

THE DOCTOR: Wouldn't I?

RANI: You said the air wasn't sterile
enough for humans.

(DISENTANGLING
FROM THE CABLES
HE SEES THE
EDGE OF THE
WINDSCREEN)

THE DOCTOR: That's it then. I'm doing nothing more until my memory returns. Nothing until I know what I'm about. I won't work in the dark like this. No! No! I'm finished!

Rani:

RANI: Oh come on, now. You thrive on challenge. And you're the only one with the knowledge to repair the machine.

THE DOCTOR: No, I'm adamant! This could be some diabolical scheme.

RANI: To do what?

(THE DOCTOR LOOKS
DOLEFULLY AT
THE MACHINE)

THE DOCTOR: That's the question ...

Rani: Oh or really.

40" In Arcade.
Want to feed 70 days.

12

Arcade: Beyus goes down to Tyne

arcade.

12 INT. EYRIE.

total:

(ENTERING THE
TENEBOUS EYRIE,
BEYUS NERVOUSLY
BRACES HIMSELF
FOR WHAT IS
OBVIOUSLY AN ORDEAL.

BARELY DISCERNIBLE
IN THE GLOOM,
ARE INDISTINCT
BROWN SHAPES
SOME TWO METRES
LONG, HANGING
FROM THE RAFTERS.

IN THE STEAMY,
FETID, FUG, AN
OCCASIONAL RUSTLE
ADDS TO THE
MACABRE ATMOSPHERE.

AVERTING HIS EYES,
BEYUS EMPTIES THE
BUCKETS OF RED
LIQUID INTO A
TROUGH.

THE RUSTLING
BECOMES MORE
AGITATED - AND
BEYUS HURRIEDLY
WITHDRAWS)

(4&13)

18"

Arcade

13. INT. PORTAL TO EYRIE.

(TIGHT ON BEYUS
SHUTTING THE
PORTAL.

HE PAUSES
MOMENTARILY TO
RECOVER HIS NERVE)

Beyus exits ~~the~~

see, lar ~
~~the~~ web

14. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

R₁

(SHIELDING A
TUMBLER OF
WATER, THE
RANI BREAKS
A CAPSULE
INTO IT.)

IN B.G., THE
DOCTOR IS STILL
OBDURATELY
SITTING ON THE
WORK BENCH.

R₂

RANI, TURNING
TO THE DOCTOR:)

RANI: You're just over excited.
Drink this.

THE DOCTOR: (ACCEPTING TUMBLER)
What is it?

RANI: Only water.

THE DOCTOR: Hmm.

(ABOUT TO DRINK,
HE CHANGES HIS
MIND AND TIPS
THE TUMBLER
INTO THE SINK)

R₃ she puts down the tumbler
Don't try to ~~lecture~~ me! Leave
me alone! You have it.

RANI: You can't just loll around!
It's simply not like you!

THE DOCTOR: How d'you know what I'm like? I've regenerated. Look at me! Look at me!

Sloshing down

RANI: You've changed outwardly, but you must still have the same
- (ALMOST GAGGING) - sweet nature.

THE DOCTOR: Perhaps this is my new persona. Sulky. Bad tempered. Think how I spoke to you earlier.

RANI: (GROWING DESPERATE) You didn't mean it. I was at fault.

THE DOCTOR: Even so, that's probably how I am now. You don't understand regeneration, Mel. It's a lottery. And I've drawn the short plank.

(HE FOLDS HIS ARMS COMPLACENTLY)

Anyway, I need a radiation wave meter. And, brilliant as I am, even I can't improvise that!

RANI: What about the Tardis? Will there be a radiation wave meter there?

THE DOCTOR: The Tardis? D'you know where it is?

RANI: Yes, of course. *(She points)*

THE DOCTOR: I could do with a breath of fresh air. We'll go there together.

Dr

Yr Ran

(SPRINGING FROM
THE BENCH,
THE DOCTOR
STRIDES FROM
THE LABORATORY)

RANI: Wait - !

(BEFORE FOLLOWING,
SHE HASTILY
ACTIVATES THE
MONITOR...
*Speaker into
computer
bracelet*

THE SCREEN IS...
QUARTERED,
SHOWING ASPECTS
OF WOODLAND
FRINGING THE
'COMMON')

y/o
Urak! Yes Mistress.

Urak, I remove the girl from the
Tardis. AT ONCE.

URAK: (VOICE) She is not ...
there, Mistress ...

RANI: Find her, you incompetent
fool!

THE DOCTOR: (BELLOWING - OFF)
Mel, are you coming!

RANI: (AS MEL) Yes, Doctor!
Coming...!

O.B. 8

a) Ext. Common. Lakertya. Day.

Urak's P.O.V.
PANNING the
common TIGHT
SHOT INT.
HIDEAWAY:

est hideaway.

out inside

Hunched over,
MEL and IKONA
maintain a
fraught silence.

501

b) Ext. Path. Lakertya. Day.

TIGHT ON
SARN'S SKELETON.

EASE BACK TO
SHOW THE DOCTOR
ambling along
the path,
expansively
filling his
lungs and
blithely
disregarding
the Rani's
impatience.

He spots the
skeleton.

THE DOCTOR: Unusual species.
Can't say I recognise it. Human
with reptilian influence, wouldn't
you think, Mel?

RANI: Lakertyan. A race so indolent
they can't be bothered to bury
their dead!

THE DOCTOR: Really? I suppose
we've explored this planet. I
wish I could remember.

RANI: There's not a lot to remember.
The benevolent climate has induced
atrophy. They've failed to realise
their full potential.

THE DOCTOR: Rather a harsh judgment,
Mel.

RANI: (SPITEFULLY) Not mine.
Yours.

THE DOCTOR: (MOVING ON) The more
I know about me, the less I like...!

Bk 38n Rd 22n
c) Ext. Common, Lakertya. Day.

The flat common
is deserted.

Gingerly, mole-
like, MEL'S HEAD
pokes out of the
ground, squints
around, and
disappears.

TIGHT SHOT
INT. HIDEAWAY.

MEL: No-one about. Come on!

IKONA: It's too soon.

*

- 55 -

MEL: Not for me. I'm going to find The Doctor.

IKONA: If he's been captured, he's as good as dead.

MEL: Were you born a pessimist, or is it self-induced?

IKONA: I'm a realist.

MEL: At least tell me where he'll be.

IKONA shakes
a negative.

d) Ext. Tardis location. Day.

(THE DOCTOR AND
THE RANI ENTERING
HIS TARDIS)

e) Ext. Common. Day.

MEL: All right. I'll find him without you.

(WRIGGLES FROM THE GULLY)

MEL: One thing about the Doctor.
You can't miss him in his outfit.

(SHE SPRINTS TOWARDS THE TREES)

END. O.B. 8

- 55 -

15. INT. TARDIS WARDROBE ROOM.

(TIGHT ON THE SIXTH DOCTOR'S CLOTHES IN A RUMPLED HEAP ON THE FLOOR.)

EASE BACK.

THE DOCTOR, RIGGED IN HIS NEW OUTFIT (ALL BUT JACKET AND HAT) IS POSING BEFORE A MIRROR. HE DONS AN ANKLE LENGTH, FRENCH CUTAWAY TRENCHCOAT CIRCA 1812, ARRANGES A KISS CURL ON HIS FOREHEAD, STRIKES A NAPOLEONIC STANCE (OF ONE HAND INSIDE HIS

D. then
away with
JACKET)

Napoleon Dr

THE DOCTOR: Wonder why he stood like this?

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERING) No, not now.

THE DOCTOR: Napoleon Bonaparte.

(lacks in me.)

(HE STRUTS ABOUT, STUDYING HIS REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR)

THE DOCTOR: I think not. Lacks my natural humility.

(DISCARDING THE TRENCH COAT, HE PLONKS A LARGE BUSBY ON HIS HEAD. IT COMES DOWN TO BELOW HIS NOSE)

THE DOCTOR: (MUFFLED) No, doesn't look right ~~about~~ ~~about~~ ~~for~~

(HE DUMPS THE BUSBY AND FERRETS AMONG THE RACK OF GARMENTS)

THE DOCTOR: (MUTTERING) Something dignified. Time Lord-ish.

DC

Teddy
(PUTTING ON A MORTAR
BOARD AND ACADEMIC
GOWN, HE PROMENADES
RATHER GRANDLY)

D₂ D₄

To Be Worn

THE DOCTOR: A little portentous
perhaps, Mel.

DR

Pretentious

(HE IS HOPING SHE'LL
CONTRADICT HIM)

RANI: Pretentious is the word!

Dr old hat

(CRESTFALLEN, HE REJECTS
THE GOWN IN FAVOUR OF THE
BAGGY BEIGE JACKET)

THE DOCTOR: Ah-yes... Very elegant.

DR cricket

(FLICKING OFF THE MORTAR
BOARD, IN RAPID SUCCESSION
TAKES OFF A VARIETY
HEADGEAR, FINISHING WITH
THE PANAMA HAT)

D

THE DOCTOR: A frowning man will
clutch at a straw.

Rani ~~is~~ is ~~an~~ an.

(TILTING THE HAT TO A
JAUNTY ANGLE.)

DR jacket

THE DOCTOR: Thank goodness in
this regeneration, I've regained
my impeccable sense of haute couture.

K

SCENE CONT. OVER

...SCENE CONTINUED...

RANI: If you've finished preening yourself, can we get what we came for?

(HE TURNS.

FROWNS.

SHE IS A VAGUE FIGURE IN THE SHADOWS.

HE PLUCKS AT HIS WAISTCOAT IN A MANIFESTATION OF DISTRESS.

THE DOCTOR'S P.O.V.

SUPERIMPOSED ON THE RANI IS THE IMAGE OF MEL.

THE IMAGE
FLUCTUATES, FADES,
RETURNS.

RESUME ON FULL
SCENE.

REALISING THE
DOCTOR'S MEMORY
IS TRYING TO STAGE
A RECOVERY, THE RANI
FETCHES HIM A
RESOUNDING SLAP)

THE DOCTOR: What? ... What? ...

RANI: I'm sorry. (SHE ISN'T)
You seemed to be losing control.

(THE DOCTOR RUBS
HIS CHEEK)

THE DOCTOR: I must have been
hallucinating, I had an overwhelming
sense of evil. And there was a
name - Ra - Radi -

RANI: (OVER HIM) Doctor, you
came here to get a radiation wave
meter!

THE DOCTOR: Er - Yes ... Now -
let's see. Where d'you reckon
I'd keep it?

RANI: Tool Room.

THE DOCTOR: Mmm ... Won't be a
jiffy Absence makes the nose grow
longer.

D.
(HE LEAVES)

R.
RANI: Cretin!

O.B.9

Ext. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

Alone, MEL pauses
at a fork in the
path.

A slight sound.
She looks in the
direction of a
tree - sees nothing
untoward and turns
away.

- a tawny, membraned
claw creeps round
the tree trunk -

END O.B.9

10ⁿ

16. INT. TARDIS. CONTROL ROOM.

(A TINY SIGNAL
FLICKERS URGENTLY
ON THE RANI'S
COMPUTER BRACELET.

sonic beep

GLANCING FURTIVELY
AT THE CORRIDOR,
SHE HURRIES TO
THE CONSOLE.
READING FROM HER
BRACELET SHE TAPS
IN THE CO-ORDINATES.

console screen
(Covered in blues)

done {

A QUARTETTE OF
IMAGES COMES UP
ON THE SCREEN.

ONE CONTAINS
THE UNSUSPECTING
MEL)

Rani: Yes URAK what is it

URAK: (VOICE) We have found ...
the lost girl ...~~mistress~~.

RANI: Focus in on her!

URAK: (VOICE) Certainly ...
Mistress Rani ...

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) Rani!

(HE BUSTLES IN)

Rani, that's the name. The evil name.

(HE STARES AT
THE SCREEN WHICH
NOW ONLY SHOWS
THE PICTURE OF
MEL)

RANI: Is that her, Doctor?

Radiation noise
meter D,

S

THE DOCTOR: (CONFUSED) Er - well
- it must be - yes!

RANI: And she's evil?

THE DOCTOR: Completely.

(HIS FINGERS
PLUCK FRENETICALLY
AT HIS WAISTCOAT)

RANI: Then she must be destroyed.

THE DOCTOR: Destroyed? Well - ~~lets not~~
~~er - don't let's be hasty ... be hasty~~

(29)

O.B.10

Ext. Woods. Lakertya. Day.

A rustle of leaves
causes MEL to
glance up - a
wispy net is
floating towards
her -

Wink in Jumps
In reflex, she nips
aside - and the net
falls to the turf
in a display of
sparks.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Terrified, MEL
dashes from the
wood near a cliff
top.

TIGHT SHOT trip-wire.

MEL'S SHIN triggers
the trap in a 'whoosh'
of dust.

FULL SHOT.

A huge, opaque,
plastic 'bubble'
with a bulging
metal detonator
encapsulates MEL.

Steam
Steam spouts from
its underside as
MEL frantically
claws at the plastic -
to no avail.

- 62 -

The bubble spins -
faster - faster -
until it abandons
terra firma and
shoots over the
edge of the cliff -

END O.B.10

SUPPOSE CAM

Closing
Titles:

FADE OUT